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*Can. Poetry*

# MABEL GRAY

And Other Poems

BY

LYMAN C. SMITH



*TORONTO*

**WILLIAM BRIGGS**

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at the Department of Agriculture.

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THE soaring lark from swelling breast may sound  
Exultant strains that thrill the world below ;  
The thrush on flute melodious may blow  
The sweet sad tones that stir the soul profound ;  
But haply, too, on lonely shady mound  
The wood-bird pipes a heart-song soft and low,  
That through her own breast sends a cheery glow,  
Yet brightens, too, the little world around :  
And may not one who feels his bosom swell  
And thrill at every note sublime and strong,  
Who loves the sweet sad melodies that dwell  
And linger in the heart's recesses long,  
The while himself he cheers, attempt as well  
To lighten others with his artless song ?

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# MABEL GRAY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

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## Mabel Gray.

WHERE on one of England's manors  
 Last at even fell the sunbeams,  
     Ashley Lodge in silence lay ;  
 At the vale and hillside's meeting,  
 Where first crept the stealthy shadows  
 From their noontide hiding-places,  
     Was the home of Mabel Gray.

Ashley Lodge lay wrapped in silence,  
 For the master from its portals  
     Death had beckoned years before :  
 Lady Ashley with her children  
 Left the home where every turning  
 Brought remembrance of the loved one  
     Who should tread its walks no more.



Tenant farmers tilled the manor ;  
One of these was Mabel's father.

There was not a sloping green,  
Not a grove with beck'ning branches,  
Not a dell with happy flowers  
Met to slumber, that in childhood  
Mabel's footprints had not seen.

There was not a tripping brooklet  
By whose side she had not rambled,  
Prattling to its prattling tide ;  
By it stood no timid lily  
Bowing, gazing at its image  
Mirrored in the crystal water,  
That from Mabel's glance could hide.

Known in every tenant's cottage,  
They had called her "Happy Mabel,"  
For her heart seemed ever gay ;  
At her coming came a brightness  
Such as when a troop of sunbeams  
Sudden peep in at the window  
On a clouded autumn day.

As she rambled gathering flowers  
By life's wayside, more a woman's,  
    Less a child's, her bearing grew.  
On she followed in the pathway  
Till the sunny land of childhood  
Lay behind her, and before her  
    That of womanhood in view.

Was this "Happy Mabel" pretty?  
If a brow of new-born snowflakes,  
    Lustrous eyes of liquid brown,  
Tresses such as ever England  
Gives to all her fairest maidens,  
Tresses lit with lurking sunbeams,  
    Ample tresses, flowing down;

Lips whose tintings filled with envy  
Even England's bright-lipped roses;  
    Cheeks of lustre rich and rare;  
If these, with the grace of flowers  
Waltzing with the playful zephyrs,—  
If these make a maiden pretty,  
    Then was "Happy Mabel" fair.

Near her home a tree stood, shading  
With its boughs a bank of mosses,  
At whose foot a streamlet crept.  
Often here the voice of Mabel  
Softly on the air of ev'ning  
Poured its richness, while her fingers  
Swiftly o'er the lutestring swept.

Here one summer ev'ning seated  
Singing to her lute, a footstep  
Heard she coming on the way.  
Looking up she saw approaching,  
Wearied, stained with dust, a stripling.  
Near he came, and, pausing by her,  
Bowed and asked for Farmer Gray.

Soon he found the rugged farmer,  
Stated that he wished employment,  
That he had the country sought,  
For he wearied of the clamor  
Of his home, the busy city ;  
Willing were his hands to labor,  
Though of farm work knew he naught.

By his frankness pleased, the farmer  
Gave the city youth employment  
    With his workmen, day by day.  
At the failures and the blunders  
Of the struggling town-bred stripling,  
At the jests they played upon him,  
    Many a hearty laugh had they.

But he struggled on in patience,  
Laughed with others at his blunders,  
    Till, when two years' time was o'er,  
"There is not," the farmer boasted,  
"There is not on all the manor  
One so trusty, one so skilful,  
    One to equal Evan Moore."

Mild blue eyes, that fell if noticed,  
Mabel oft saw bent upon her  
    Whene'er Evan Moore was nigh.  
Once, while both alone, she sudden  
Grew indignant and demanded  
Why her every step and motion  
    Must be followed by his eye.

"'Tis because it tells," he answered,  
"Where my feet would gladly follow ;  
    Fault of mine you had not known,  
If your own had not been guilty."  
Mabel lost her indignation,  
And confessed, though not in language,  
    Hers were guilty as his own.

Near her home that tree stood, shading  
With its boughs a bank of mosses,  
    Near whose foot a streamlet crept.  
Often here the voice of Mabel  
Softly on the air of ev'ning  
Blent with Evan's, while her fingers  
    Swiftly o'er the lutestring swept.

Time went dancing by on tiptoe,  
Pointing to a happy future  
    Strewn with blossoms all the way ;  
But at last one summer morning  
Suddenly there came a parting ;  
Evan had a note demanding  
    His return without delay.

So they parted ; but he promised  
At the autumn's second coming  
    To return his bride to claim.  
Thus in hope but yet in sadness  
Parted they, and much he warned her  
Lest another might deprive him  
    Of his treasure ere he came.

Summer passed and golden autumn ;  
Spring now over hill and meadow  
    Had her vernal mantle flung.  
Often to that bed of mosses  
Mabel, at the hour of ev'ning,  
Stole and to her lute repeated  
    Songs she had with Evan sung.

Thus one ev'ning seated singing,  
Looking up she saw a horseman  
    Near her, list'ning to her lay.  
Mabel, startled at his presence,  
Sudden ceased ; and then the horseman  
Seeing that he had been noticed,  
    Bowed his thanks and rode away.

Soon there came a message saying  
Ashley Lodge was now refitted,  
And the former master's son  
Had returned to home ancestral ;  
That the tenants of the manor  
Were to Ashley Lodge invited  
On the morrow, every one.

Happy was the tenants' meeting  
With the son of former master  
Cherished still in many a heart.  
Song of youth and laugh of children  
Echoed through the shaded pathways,  
And Night's ebon pinions only  
Forced the joyous ones to part.

Mabel, in the youthful Ashley  
Recognized the list'ning horseman ;  
Ashley, too, the singer knew,  
And to hear that song repeated  
Oft he found his feet were straying  
When a dusky veil of silence  
Night upon the valley threw.

Near her home that tree stood, shading  
With its boughs a bank of mosses,  
Near whose foot a streamlet crept.  
Often there the voice of Mabel  
Softly on the air of ev'ning  
Blent with Ashley's, while her fingers  
Swiftly o'er the lutestring swept.

Summer was about departing ;  
Glimpses of the robes of autumn  
Were upon the hilltop seen.  
Ashley took the hand of Mabel,  
Said that one thing yet was lacking  
In his home, and then he asked her  
If she there would reign as queen.

Mabel, startled at his question,  
Said she was not bred a lady ;  
It would wound the Ashley pride  
If the daughter of a tenant,  
Bred to labor from her cradle,  
Ignorant of courtly manners,  
Should presume to be his bride.



Ashley to her would not listen,  
But asserted that her presence  
    Would the proudest home adorn.  
So at last the maiden yielded ;  
Seemingly she had forgotten  
All the vows she made to Evan  
    On that parting summer morn.

Autumn came with rustling garments,  
And with ev'ning's dusky shadows  
    Came at last her Evan Moore.  
Weary though he seemed with walking,  
Covered with the dust of travel,  
Mabel scarcely rose to greet him  
    As he reached the cottage door.

Evan straightway told his errand—  
This was autumn's second coming :  
    He was here to claim his bride.  
Mabel told him all the story  
Of her plighted word to Ashley,  
How she pleaded her unfitness,  
    How he every word denied.

Evan bitterly reproached her.  
"Dazzled by his courtly manners,  
Then you have forsaken me.  
You have every promise broken  
Made to me that summer morning ;  
You have all your vows forgotten.  
This is woman's constancy !"

Mabel at his words reproachful  
Only smiled, and then asserted  
She was constant as before.  
Then she, laughing, told him plainly  
His deception was a failure—  
She had in the courtly Ashley  
Recognized her Evan Moore.

"By your eyes of blue I knew you  
When that ev'ning here to listen  
You with horseman's trappings came.  
Were I wrapt in death's deep slumber,  
And those eyes should bend upon me,  
Mine would waken from their slumber,  
And my lips should breathe your name."

Now in Ashley Lodge walks Mabel ;  
England boasts no form more queenly  
'Mong her noble dames of yore ;  
Not a happier home than Mabel's,  
Not a prouder man than Ashley.  
Mabel yet in playful humor  
Often calls him Evan Moore.

Known in every tenant's cottage,  
Still they call her "Happy Mabel,"  
For her heart seems ever gay ;  
At her coming comes a brightness  
Such as when a troop of sunbeams  
Sudden peep in at the window  
On a clouded autumn day.

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### Constancy.

I DREAMED a friend and I together strayed  
In gardens wide, where grove and gay parterre  
Lay side by side, and fountains idly tossed  
Their jewelled droplets in the morning air.

To me, the form of this friend worthy seemed  
Of all the praise that beauty e'er should win.  
Perchance I thought it such because I knew  
The beauty of the soul that dwelt within.

We paused to rest within a latticed bower.  
Though leafy vines had thick o'erspread the whole,  
Eaves-dropping roses panting bosoms pressed  
Against the bars and hurried glances stole.

The gate was near. I asked if she would tread  
With me the path that wound o'er plain and hill.  
She raised her trusting eyes and grasped my hand  
So warmly that I feel it clasping still.

I plucked a list'ning rose and gave it her ;  
Then, passing out, an altar we espied  
Beside the gate. We knelt and vowed that naught  
Should ever lead one from the other's side.

Our way seemed clothed in nature's loveliness.  
Green groves and sunny valleys smiled to greet  
Our coming ; gaily brooklets leaped and danced,  
And flowers cast their garments at our feet.

But soon the path grew steep and rough ; the hills  
And dales no more in sunny robes were dressed.  
The weary foot by jagged cliff was bruised,  
And blasts with wintry arrows pierced the breast.

Then I reproached myself that I had led  
Her with me o'er this pathway rough and cold ;  
But, turning, met the same calm, trusting eyes,  
And found her hand had not relaxed its hold.

We passed the mount and found a desert plain  
Where reveled sultry winds. We long had strayed  
Its trackless wastes, when suddenly we saw  
A river far ahead and palm-tree shade.

Our hearts took courage at the welcome sight.

We hastened to the river, but I sank

Oppressed with heat and faint from weariness,

Just as we reached the palm-trees on its bank.

Then while my wearied frame and throbbing brain

Foretold the near approach of death's dark hour,

Again I bitterly reproached myself

That I had led her from her garden bower.

I felt her cooling hand upon my brow ;

My flitting spirit, turning, saw her press

My parted lips, then close my eyes and sit,

Still clinging to my hand, in silentness.

Years passed. My soul came back and saw

Her by a mound whose marble bore my name,

Her eyes bent on a faded garden rose,

Their pure and trusting love-light still the same.

## Aner and Gyne.

### *A NEW ADAM AND EVE.*

UPON the earth the gods yet walked, and flung  
With lavish hands their gifts on every side ;  
The bending bough with luscious fruitage hung,  
And flowers marked their footprints far and wide.  
Primeval man they formed ; in him combined  
Both shape and radiant beauty like their own,  
And each bestowed some treasure of the mind,  
Till all their graces dwelt in him alone.  
They loved the creature they had formed, and sought  
To make an earthly heaven of his home,  
Where from their mansions, bright with gold in-  
wrought,  
They might descend and daily with him roam,  
To show him all the riches of the earth,  
The varied wealth of beauty it possessed,  
Unfold his godlike mind, and wake to birth  
The slumbering emotions of his breast.

In Greece they chose his home, and hand in hand  
Would wander at his side, as friend with friend,

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Mid all the new-born glories of that land  
Whose charms for mortal eye shall never end.  
They strayed by streams where mossy bank beguiles  
To cooling rest 'neath overarching tree ;  
Together climbed her cliffs, and saw the isles  
Of marble breast that dot her silver sea.  
In all its new-wrought robes of freshest hue  
Surveyed the glorious landscape, spread below  
A sky that seemed another sea of blue  
Upreared on pillars capited with snow.  
But, O how swelled his heart when solemn night  
With light and silence flooded all the scene,  
And bathed in glist'ning beauty, marble height,  
Meand'ring rill and forest wall of green ;  
While overhead, the world of blue was hung  
With new-created stars, that seemed to be  
In love with all the charms of earth, and flung  
Their radiant splendors on the slumb'ring sea.

O what a joy it was at such an hour,  
When earth was young and fair as heav'n above,  
To stray with Venus to some vernal bow'r,  
And feel that all the new-born world was love ;  
To see the naiad from some shadowed stream  
Emerge and backward brush her dripping hair,



Then stand amazed, as waking from a dream,  
To find herself and all the world so fair ;  
At early dawn in chaste Diana's train  
To roam abroad across the breezy hills ;  
To hear Apollo wake on earth the strain  
That gods in golden hall with rapture thrills ;  
To see the swift-winged herald earthward sweep  
And let some newly given blessing fall  
From radiant lip, yet dyed with purple deep  
Of nectar, lately quaffed in heav'nly hall ;  
In grove of shimm'ring streams and hallowed shades  
To meet Minerva, fair of brow, and stray  
Where leafy arches crown the colonnades,  
And feel the bosom swell beneath the sway  
Of glowing thoughts expressed in tones that wove  
Together liquid murmuring of the rill,  
The mystic lisplings of the leafy grove,  
Its sense of holy calmness, hushed and still.

And thus they taught his ear to love each sound  
Of harmony that stirs the human soul.  
He stood enrapt, as on enchanted ground,  
And thrills ecstatic through his being stole,  
When sang the nightingale in distant glen,  
Or swaying boughs in sweetest whispers bore

Their welcome to the wanton wind, or when  
The Triton blew his shell upon the shore.

To love all forms of beauty he had learned,  
Beneath their kindly guidance and control.

To this his eyes they constantly had turned  
Till beauty grew the passion of his soul.

A rose that slept with slightly parted lips  
And breathed its fragrance to the airs of night ;

A pine that stretched its dainty finger-tips  
To grasp the glories of the world of light ;

A naiad standing on a lakelet beach  
With swelling breast of snow and beaming brow,

Uplifting high her shapely arm to reach  
An op'ning bud on overhanging bough,

Would make him pause and tremble as a maid  
Before a shrine : into his eyes there came  
The glint of tears, around his lips there played  
A smile, and tremors ran through all his frame.

Minerva, too, had taught his hand to mould  
In marble pure whatever form he chose ;  
He deftly shaped the roses, fold in fold,  
And drooping lilies, wrapped in all their snows.

The nymph that paused and raised her slender hand  
To list'ning ear to catch a distant sound,  
In eager expectation there would stand  
With all her charms in marble fetters bound.

But though in realms of beauty he abode,  
Though nymph and naiad haunted grove and  
stream,  
Though gods were his companions, and bestowed  
Whate'er would satisfy his wildest dream,  
Yet still (perchance by gods themselves inspired),  
There grew a yearning, vague and undefined,  
For what his lonely heart had long desired,—  
Communion with a creature of his kind.

On this he mused, until at last he burned  
In marble an ideal form to mould.  
The symmetry he in himself discerned,  
Whatever charm in nymph he could behold,  
Whatever beauty loving Venus bore,  
Whatever grace Diana's form displayed,  
The brow of wisdom calm Minerva wore,  
Should, all combined, be in this form portrayed.

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He found a block of marble, pure and white  
As when the busy hand of winter sifts  
Its rarest down, and wand'ring winds of night  
Heap all in flowing curves and billowy drifts.  
His dream of perfect beauty here he shaped  
To lines of grace, with loving hand and warm,  
In folds of drifted snow enrobed and draped,  
That half concealed yet still revealed its form.  
But O, how did his pulses leap and bound  
When thus complete he saw the figure stand ;  
The shapely arm, that tapered true and round  
To slender wrist with dainty lily hand ;  
The bosom, that a moment seemed to rest  
When risen to its highest, fullest swell,  
Where falling robe revealed the downy nest  
Where all the Loves and Graces chose to dwell,—  
Where, pillowed, one forever might repose,  
Forget all pleasure of the earth in this,  
For rapture, nevermore his eyelids close,  
Or, dream away his happy life in bliss ;  
The shapely head, on shining shoulders set  
That rose in glossy whiteness full and round,  
As when the winter's playful winds have met  
And heaped in swelling curves a snowy mound ;  
The brow, that in serenest calmness beamed

With light of loving heart and gifted mind ;  
The hair, that framed the forehead round, and  
streamed

In wealth of waving tresses unconfined ;  
The eyes, that looked a truth and tenderness

That into all the heart's recesses stole,  
Yet seemed a light of wisdom to possess  
That burst from chambers of the inmost soul ;  
Thin lips, of dainty curve and parting slight  
Like op'ning petals of the earliest bloom,  
Whence kindly words, e'er waiting for their flight,  
Would float, soft-winged and sweet as faint per-  
fume,—

The lips, where smiles of loving tenderness  
So frequent had allowed their sweets to lie  
That it were earthly bliss enough to press  
Those lips but once, then swoon for joy and die.

This marble form was now his only thought,  
Forgot were all the beauties of his home,  
The company of gods no more he sought,  
And at their side no longer would he roam.  
It stood within the shadow of a grove,  
Where pines of rarest green embow'ed it round,

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Where passing clouds their fleeting shadows wove  
And distant rill sang low with dreamy sound.

Day ever found him kneeling at the shrine ;  
When Night her glad but silent glances threw  
And lit the form with splendor more divine,  
His burning heart no bounds of rapture knew.

Thus constantly before it would he stand,  
His heart aflame, his lips entranced and dumb ;  
He often thought she beckoned with her hand,  
Unsealed her lips and softly whispered, "Come!"  
At last, he made his yearning heart believe,  
(Since gods had ne'er his wildest wish denied,)  
*This* might perchance the breath of life receive,  
And as companion wander at his side.

While morning flushed the east with tints of flame,  
Within the grove where earnestly he prayed  
Minerva fair and radiant Venus came  
And stood beside the figure he had made.  
Their presence to the scene a glory lent ;  
They smiled and listened to his pleading prayer ;  
Each as her head she bowed to give assent,  
A finger laid upon the marble there.

A thrill, a flush through all the figure ran,  
But cheek and lip were tinged with deeper dyes ;  
To sink and swell the snowy breast began,  
And light and life to sparkle in the eyes.  
She saw him there, she bent her graceful head,  
Her cheek was flushed with yet a deeper flame,  
A smile ineffable her lips o'erspread,  
Then, gliding down, with open arms she came.  
He fondly clasped her to a throbbing breast  
That all its wildest ecstasy revealed ;  
The snowy brow, the crimsoned cheek he pressed,  
The silence of the fragrant lips unsealed.

Then o'er the hills the rosy morning streamed,  
And on the grove a flame of splendor flung,  
In brighter beauty radiant Venus beamed,  
And on Minerva's brow a glory hung.  
The goddesses, ascending, passed away  
To heaven's golden halls, and left alone  
The happy pair, where'er they pleased to stray ;  
Before them lay the world, and all their own.

He took her by the dainty lily hand  
And in the gold of morning left the bow'r.

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He found a rarer beauty in the land,  
A fresher fragrance in the budding flow'r.  
And, list'ning to the music of her words,  
That thrilled him with their low and varied tones,  
Perceived a richer note in voice of birds,  
Or streamlet murm'ring over mossy stones.  
The gods were dearer to him than before,  
With richer hand their blessings they bestowed ;  
To roam by stream or on the sounding shore,  
Descended oftener from their high abode.  
They frequent came the youthful pair to meet ;  
By noble thought awoke the earnest mind ;  
By charming sound or sight, and odor sweet,  
Infused the soul with pleasure more refined.  
A newer light of splendor o'er the grove,  
A richer verdure over plain and hill,  
On rose a rarer tint, they cast, and strove  
Their happy life to make yet happier still.

His dream of perfect bliss was thus fulfilled,  
His happy choice in love and wisdom made.  
By day, the fruitful earth they dressed and tilled,  
At evening rested in its hallowed shade.



In her he found the love for which he yearned,  
A finer sense, a deeper feeling shown ;  
In all their happy converse he discerned  
A heart that beat responsive to his own.  
And thus the gladsome days went gliding by  
In lands of sunny sky and scented airs ;  
The gods above no blessing would deny,  
Nor earth below, for all the earth was theirs.

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### Morton Hall.

NEAR the storm-swept sea there's a tranquil bay,  
Rock-bastioned by Nature's hand ;  
At its inlet small in their robes of gray  
Two guardian rock-cliffs stand.  
And so near they stand that can scarcely glide  
The boat on the wave between ;  
The sun's bright rays never light its tide  
Nor stars find a glass serene.  
On the sea without may the Tempest rave  
Till stream back his hoary locks,  
And his steed spur on through the foamy waves  
To charge the unyielding rocks ;  
But the bay within is asleep the while,  
And scarce heaves the slumb'ring breast,  
The storm without only makes it smile,  
But never can mar its rest.

By this tranquil bay is a village neat,  
And here, in the summer, they  
Who are seeking rest in some cool retreat,  
From the noise of the city stray.

There was one friend there, with a pale, sweet face  
In days of the long ago,  
Who had made her home in the quiet place,  
Unmindful of winter snow.  
When the winter came 'twas a wild, weird home,  
But she loved it not the less ;  
She had beauty found in its frozen foam,  
And charms in its loneliness.  
For a maiden strange was this Florence More,  
Her history none could tell,  
Since she never spoke of her life before  
She came by this bay to dwell.  
When we asked the maid of this time to speak,  
We wished all our words unsaid,  
Such a pallor rose on the maiden's cheek,  
Such dimness her eyes o'erspread.  
All the past to her seemed a close-sealed book,  
Enwritten with bitter tears,  
On whose pages she never dared to look  
And read of the bygone years.

By her gentle ways she had cheered the heart  
Of all who the place had known,  
And yet each well knew that some hidden dart  
Was piercing the while her own,

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pale, sweet face

For though often smiles round her lip would play,

They ever would die again,

quiet place,

As the glad harp-song when the hand will stray

And waken a mournful strain.

, weird home,

Yet the dear pale face when it came brought light,

New charms to each circle gave,

foam,

As when moonbeams break from a cloud at night

And silver the rippling wave.

ence More,

In the days gone by, with this Florence More

efore

I loved in the eve to stray

Where the clear waves tripped on the sandy shore

ne to speak,

That circled around the bay.

As we walked one eve, "Look you there," she said,

cheek,

"How waves and their restless sands

l.

All the footprints made on their smooth-worn bed

sealed book,

Efface with their busy hands !

Oh ! I wish the paths of the bitter past,

look

Where prints of my feet remain,

Were thus smoothed, to be but a blank at last,

Or all trodden o'er again."

the heart

"Let the past," I cried, "be a past forgot ;

'Twill then seem a blank once more.

hidden dart

Let the gloomy clouds of the past come not

To darken the way before.

Do not think that thine is the only heart  
That throbs in the human breast  
And, the while, is pierced with a cruel dart,  
And finds from its pain no rest.  
There is not a heart, though it lightly beat,  
But treasures *some* grief untold  
Which it never dares to the world repeat—  
A world that it deems too cold.  
Oh ! those heart-hid pains would, half-told, disclose  
More grief than the world has known.  
What the human heart can reveal none knows  
Until he has searched his own."

"Not a truer word could thy lips repeat,"  
A voice at our side exclaimed  
As we passed a rock but to reach whose feet  
The waves ever vainly aimed.  
We a stranger found as we quickly turned  
The speaker of this to seek ;  
In his eye the glow of his youth still burned,  
And fled not his sun-browned cheek.  
"On the shelving rock pray you take a seat,"  
He said, and forsook his own,  
"And a tale will I of my life repeat  
That never the world has known."

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With his eyes bent low on the smooth-worn sand,  
As if he could there behold  
All his life outspread by some mystic hand,  
The stranger his story told :

"On Old England's shore where the wild waves hide  
The rocks, with their tresses white,  
'Mid a shady grove, on a manor wide  
Arises a Hall in sight.  
On this manor broad, in a clump of trees,  
The home of my youth is seen  
Where first the breath of the coming breeze  
Sets moving the leaflets green.  
For my home was not in this Morton Hall ;  
With humbler was I content,  
As a rector's son ; for the Mortons all  
Could boast of their long descent.

"In the years gone by, to this mansion grand  
A messenger came one day,  
And the door flung wide with his icy hand  
And beckoned the sire away.  
But he heeded not how the father yearned  
To gaze on the dear young face

Of his only child, as away he turned,  
Or clasp her in fond embrace.

“With this little Stell I in childhood played ;  
We built in the grove our home ;  
By the splashing rills we together strayed  
And laughed at their spray and foam.  
Through the Childhood Land we thus made our  
way ;  
We gathered the sweetest flow’rs  
On the sunny banks of the streamlets gay,  
And joy winged the fleeting hours.

“While we lingered still in this Childhood Land,  
Though now were the bounds in view,  
To the Hall again came the icy hand  
And beckoned the mother too.  
Then in bright-lipped Stell we a change could trace—  
More womanly grew her way ;  
But there lingered still in her woman’s grace  
The sweetness of childhood days.  
And the change in her wrought in me a change—  
Less boyish my bearing grew.  
In our altered life found we pleasure strange,  
And charms in employments new.

"But the time drew near, as on wings of gold  
Years fled in their flight away,  
When in Learning's halls, 'mid their treasures old,  
My feet for a time must stray.  
Soon the hour came when we for years must part,  
Whose moments would slowly fly ;  
But we vowed we still would be one in heart  
In mem'ry of days gone by ;  
And I wore a pledge of the maiden's truth  
To cheer me in future strife—  
Is it strange that we who had walked through youth.  
Should dream of a walk through life ?

"Ere I went, my sire, who our secret guessed  
But lent not approving eye,  
Bade me cherish not in my youthful breast  
This dream of the days gone by.  
'In the past, with joy, you have side by side  
Been walking life's way,' he said,  
'But in future years will be sundered wide  
The paths that you each must tread.  
Hand in hand you've walked, but know not how Gold  
And Pride, with relentless hands,  
Can dissever hearts that in days of old  
Were linked by the closest bands.



To the maiden's shrine will the rich and gay  
In days of the future flee,  
And the poor young friend of her childhood play  
Quite soon will forgotten be.'  
'True, the maid,' I cried, 'has what heart can crave,  
Has gold and has widespread lands,  
While the wealth have I that the good God gave—  
A brain and two willing hands.  
But a love yet stronger than love of gold  
God plants in the hearts of youth ;  
And he gave her wealth of a price untold—  
He gave her a *heart of truth*.'

"So away I sped, and but slowly passed  
The years in their weary round ;  
But arrived the hour of return at last,  
And home I again was found.  
How each well-known scene where my youth was  
spent  
Brought back its enjoyments all !  
I not long delayed ere my steps I bent  
To visit old Morton Hall.  
O'er earth had Night just her mantle flung,  
And, bent o'er its heaving breast,

She the sweetest song of the zephyr sung,  
To hush it to perfect rest.  
And upon the floor of the tree-arched aisle  
She carpets of dapple threw,  
While the stars on high with a cheery smile  
Looked down from their homes of blue.  
Then the moon arose from her couch of snow  
And flung back the curtain light,  
And bending out with her brow aglow,  
Looked down on the starry night ;  
While words of cheer did each passing breeze  
In whispers to me repeat,  
And with beck'ning hand stood the list'ning trees  
To hasten my ling'ring feet.

“ Lightly beat my heart as I onward went,  
And soon was the Hall in sight ;  
'Gainst the columned porch, as a statue, leant  
Fair Stell in her garments white.  
From her brow the breeze brushed her tresses brown,  
Her cheeks with its pure breath fanned,  
And the climbing vine had but now dropped down  
A rose in her open hand.

“As I deemed that she for my coming stayed,  
A youth, from a column nigh,  
Sprang upon his steed, all in gold arrayed,  
And waved her a kind good-bye.  
But some icy hand seemed to me to fall  
Just then on my heart of fire,  
For then suddenly were remembered all  
The words of my warning sire.  
‘Is it thus,’ I said in reproving tones,  
‘That you for my coming wait?’  
She replied, ‘May not, when one mate is flown,  
The bird seek another mate?’  
‘Then thy vows of truth were all false,’ I cried,  
And turned from the maiden’s sight,  
And I flung aside in my angry pride  
The hand that had checked my flight;  
For my heart was proud, and my wounded pride,  
As rocks, would no yielding know,  
Which spurn again the insulting tide  
Though robed in a jewelled snow.

“As I fled, the moon, as she sad gazed down,  
A glance of reproof threw,  
And the stars on high with an angry frown  
Looked down from their homes of blue.

Their reproaching words did each passing breeze  
In hisses to me repeat,  
While with pointing hands stood the taunting trees  
To call back my hast'ning feet.

"But I heeded not as away I sped,  
Nor knew where I made my way ;  
But at last the madd'ning impulse led  
My feet where a vessel lay.  
I ne'er stayed my steps nor a glance cast round ;  
I gave not a thought, but sprung  
To the vessel's deck with a sudden bound  
As she from her mooring swung.  
'Twas a wild, rash act of my wounded pride,  
Repented with bitter tears,  
In a *moment's* rage thus to cast aside  
The true-hearted friend of *years*.

"It was long ere I could again return ;  
And e'en when I came unknown  
To my native land, it was but to learn  
The maid from her home had flown.  
And a tale is whispered at Morton Hall  
That she, when her loved one came,

Had some idle words from her lip let fall  
That wounded his heart of flame.  
He had fled her sight in his rage and grief,  
And she, in her heart-deep woe,  
From the Hall had fled to obtain relief,  
But whither did no one know.  
But they darkly point to a rocky steep  
Where garment of hers was found,  
Where, to end her grief, in the surging deep  
She madly had leaped and drowned.  
Oh ! my heart's last drop would I give to know  
That she who sleeps 'neath that wave,  
To the cruel wretch who had wronged her so  
One glance of forgiveness gave."

Then with trembling feet uprose Florence More,  
These words from her pale lip fell :  
"I have pardoned thee, Lawrence, o'er and o'er,  
But hast thou forgiven Stell ?"  
And with quiv'ring lip she then told him all—  
That here she had changed her name ;  
That her nurse alone at old Morton Hall  
Had known that she hither came ;

That the garment found on the rocky steep  
    Forgotten had been one day  
When from scenes recalling her sorrow deep  
    She fled to the shore away.

I arose and stole from the quiet place,  
    But they tarried on the shore.  
When I saw them next, still, methought, each face  
    A *shadow* of sorrow wore ;  
But upon each, too, there was such a smile  
    As earth in the spring puts on  
When the flow'rs appear and the birds the while  
    Announce the drear winter gone.

## A Day with Homer.

METHOUGHT the stream of Time had backward rolled,  
And I was standing on the fruitful plain  
That lay between the sea and ancient Troy.  
I saw one standing on the curving beach,  
Whose hoary locks were playthings for the wind  
That fresh'ning came across the swelling waves.  
I heard the mystic music of a voice  
That chanted to their measured beat, in tones  
Now whispering soft and low as rustling leaves,  
Now rolling with the boom of tumbling waves,  
Now clanging as the clash of brazen arms.

He waved his magic hand. Aurora fair,  
Arising from her loved Tithonus' side,  
With rosy fingers deftly backward drew  
The crimson curtains of the ruddy dawn  
And ushered in the day. Afar appeared  
A mighty fleet, whose dark and curving prows  
Were cleaving fast the tossing waves, impelled  
By oars that lashed the sea to hoary foam,

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Or sails that forward bent their snowy breasts  
In eager haste to reach the sounding shore.

Again the minstrel waved his magic hand.  
Upon the yielding beach updrawn, the ships  
Lay propped. Unnumbered hosts upon the shore  
Were marshalled. Mighty kings with gleaming helms  
Of nodding plume, and fourfold shields that shone  
As noonday suns, and tow'ring ashen spears  
With glitt'ring points of ruthless piercing bronze.  
To curving chariot yoked, the shapely steeds  
Whose ample manes, down-flowing, swept the ground,  
Impatient stood, swift-footed as the blast.

Outstreaming from the Scæan gates of Troy  
There issued forth a host in like array.  
Then with a shout that shook the archèd sky  
These hosts advancing, met upon the plain.  
Bows twanged and bitter arrows winged their way  
To gallant breasts, and dyed the ivory skin  
With purple stain. Huge glitt'ring spears, impelled  
By mighty arms, resounding rang on shields ;  
Or, piercing, cleft both shield and glancing helm  
Of brass, and hurled the hero crashing down



Upon the earth, with loud-resounding arms,  
And spread a veil of darkness o'er his eyes.  
Fleet-footed steeds, with manes back-streaming, flew  
Across the plain with whirling chariot bright,  
Whose drivers urged them on with stinging lash  
To bear the crested warrior to the fray ;  
Or, prince and driver gone, the car o'eturned,  
With panting nostril, wild, distended eyes,  
They plunged in mad confusion through the host.

He waved his hand. Afar across the sea  
I saw divine Olympus lifting high  
Its form sublime, and on a marble base  
Of snow upreared, with dome of blue above,  
The glorious palace of the heav'nly gods.  
They in their golden halls, with purple lip  
Were quaffing nectar sweet that Hebe fair  
Presented each in gleaming cups of gold.  
They sat upon their lofty shining thrones,  
And feasted on ambrosia rich, and heard  
The harp, whose golden strings Apollo swept  
Till breasts were thrilled and melted with the strains  
That spread like fragrance through the vaulted hall.

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Supreme on shining throne, in splendor sat  
Majestic Jove, whose nod imperious shook  
Olympus to its base, but yet who feared  
The stinging taunts of jealous Juno's tongue.  
Deceiving with her craft immortal Jove,  
But shrinking when his anger was aroused,  
Yet yielding not the purpose of her heart,  
On lofty couch of gold resplendent sat  
Imperial Juno, stately queen, of large  
And lustrous eye, and shapely snowy arm,  
And fragrant bosom dear to mighty Jove.

Beside her sat Minerva, fair of brow,  
Alert to prompt with wingèd thought her queen ;  
And he of skilful hand but limping feet,  
Who wrought in gold the chambers of the gods.  
Arrayed in panoply of jangling brass,  
There, too, sat cruel-eyed, broad-shouldered Mars,  
Who wore the fiercest brow of all the gods.

There sat the virgin queen whose buskined feet  
Are swift to chase at early dawn, across  
The breezy hills, the flying stag that falls  
By wingèd shaft shot from her sounding bow ;

And Venus, favored child of mighty Jove,  
With perfect moulded arm and breast of snow,  
Mirth-lighted eye and soft caressing hand ;—  
Love, fairest form that ever found a home  
On earth, or in the golden halls of heaven.

Thus there were gathered all the immortal ones  
Who meet at Jove's command in heavenly hall.  
Although endowed with human hates and loves,  
Yet all were gods, and godlike seemed they all.  
Sublimity celestial clothed their brows  
And wrapped their forms in more than mortal  
grace.

He waved his hand. Obedient to the call,  
Then mighty Jove arose and swiftly yoked  
His brazen-footed, golden-manèd steeds  
To brazen chariot bright, and grasping fast  
The golden reins, came sweeping down  
The shining slopes of his Olympic home,  
And swifter than his lightning, shot athwart  
The sky, and sat, in gleaming gold arrayed,  
Upon the heights of Ida, many-rilled.

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I saw the heav'nly portals open wide.  
Upon a silver car with golden wheels  
Imperial Juno rode, and at her side  
Minerva, clad in panoply of war.  
The queen of heav'n with outstretched, radiant arms  
Held firm the shining reins, until her steeds  
With glitt'ring feet far-reaching, measured swift  
The airy space across the purple sky  
And bore her down upon the plains of Troy.

Then Neptune, too, forsook the wooded height  
Of Samos, and came swiftly striding down ;  
And ent'ring, neath the sea, his home  
Of gold and crystal, quickly yoked  
His tawny-manèd steeds. Across the deep to Troy  
He sped in glitt'ring car, whose whirling wheels  
Cleft through the parting waves a level way ;  
While round the car the creatures of his realm  
Careered, rejoicing at the presence of their king.

Thus came the gods to mingle in the fray  
With men upon the plains of Troy. I saw  
Dread Diomedes wound with wanton spear  
The clinging arm that loving Venus drew

About her son to save him from his foe.  
I heard her piteous wail, and saw the drops  
That dyed the clasping arm with crimson stain.  
I saw him pierce, with brazen point, the side  
Of Mars, and heard the god when wild with pain  
He roared as loud as many thousand men.  
Again I saw the vengeful god, when mad  
He rushed against Minerva, azure-eyed,  
And smote her fringed ægis with his spear.  
But swift she hurled him crashing down.  
He covered acres wide. His streaming locks  
And brazen arms were all defiled in dust.

I saw Achilles, unexcelled in strength,  
In manly beauty unsurpassed, by all  
The princely Greeks who fought on Trojan field.  
A king that by deliberate choice preferred  
A short but glorious career, to long  
And peaceful reign among his Myrmidons.  
A king whose every act was passion-swayed  
By love of fame or friend, or fierce revenge.  
*His* thoughts were not concealed with cunning craft,  
But swift escaped the barriers of his teeth.

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When Agamemnon swore with angry threat  
To rob him of Briseis, fair-cheeked bride,  
I saw his mighty frame convulse with rage,  
His fingers clutch and half unsheathe his sword ;  
While taunts and bold reproaches rained from lip  
That hotly hurled the hated insult back.  
And when they led the unwilling maid away,  
I saw the tear that stained his rugged cheek  
As lone he sat upon the sobbing shore,  
And called his goddess mother from the deep,  
Unbosomed all the burden of his heart  
And prayed for vengeance from the heavenly gods.

When Agamemnon sent imploring aid  
And vowed the maid uninjured to restore,  
I saw him spurn in proud disdain the bribe  
Of Lesbian maids, and steeds of tossing mane,  
And hand of princess rich, whose father deemed  
A wounded spirit could be cured by gold.

When dearest friend had fallen in the fray,  
I saw him lowly bow his head, and heap  
The ashes on his comely locks, and lie

Prostrated on the shore, while sobs betrayed  
The grief that lay so heavy on his heart.

I saw him don the greaves, the corselet bright,  
The helm of golden crest, the wondrous shield,  
That Vulcan wrought. I saw him grasp his spear  
Of Pelian ash, and mount his stately car.  
I saw the steed, caparisoned in gold,  
That bowed its graceful yellow-manèd neck  
And warned its master of his coming fate.

I heard his loud exultant shout that sent  
A thrill of fear through all the Trojan host.  
I saw him raging wreak a fierce revenge  
For dear Patroclus' death. He reveled in his  
wrath,  
And slaughtered Trojan foes, till all the earth  
And all his beauteous arms were black with gore.  
He spared nor prince nor peasant in his path,  
Nor even spared the unarmed fugitive  
Who knelt and begged for mercy at his feet.

There Hector, too, I saw, in gleaming arms,  
Alert and active in defence of Troy.

He fought not for revenge or fame, but home  
And kindred, loving wife and infant child.

I saw him pass the Scaean gates, when back  
Again he turned the fleeing hosts, then stride  
Away to Priam's palace high, to bid,  
In tones of reverence and filial love,  
His aged mother to the goddess pray,  
And offer garment rich with wondrous work,  
Lest dread destruction might upon them fall.

I saw him meet white-armed Andromache,  
His tall and graceful wife, the fairest dame  
Of all that wore the trailing Trojan robe.  
When weeping, clinging to his hand, she told  
How father, mother, brothers, all, were slain,  
And how she feared for him, her all in all ;  
I saw the hero bend his crested head  
And soothe with gentle hand his weeping wife.  
I heard his tender tones as low he spoke  
Of sacred Troy in ruins ; brothers brave  
And aged Priam trampled in its dust ;  
Of all the hidden pain that rent his heart  
When he remembered some harsh-minded Greek



Would lead away his tender bride, a slave,  
To weave the web with tears, and water bear,  
In Argos, for some haughty Grecian dame.  
But yet his heart must falter not nor fear.  
And he must do his task, as she her own,  
And patient wait the stern decrees of fate.

And then he reached his hand to clasp his child ;  
But when it shrieked to see the nodding crest,  
He laid his glittering helmet down and took  
The fearful babe caressing to his arms,  
And, having prayed a blessing from the gods,  
Restored him to his mother's yearning breast  
As she stood smiling through her recent tears.  
A hero he that found 'mid din of arms  
A tender word for mother, wife and child.

I saw him yoke to chariot of war  
His wind-swift steeds, and send the hostile Greeks  
In tumult flocking back across the plain,  
'Then burst exultant through their vaunted walls  
And scatter flames among the updrawn prows.  
His glancing helm was ever first of all ;  
His form the foremost in the thickest fray.

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Again I saw him as he stood alone  
Without the walls of Troy, when all had fled  
And left their brave defender to his fate,  
Resolved to face the dreaded foe and win,  
Or die a not inglorious death. He hurled  
His spear with mighty force and truest aim,  
But harmlessly it fell upon the shield  
That skilful Vulcan wrought in heaven's forge.  
Then, though he knew his fated hour was nigh,  
Undaunted still, he drew his gleaming blade  
And rushed upon his god-assisted foe.  
I saw Achilles pierce with ruthless spear  
His tender neck. I saw his princely form  
And proudly nodding plume prostrated low ;  
I saw the iron-hearted victor o'er  
His fate exult, deny his dying prayer,  
And strip his shoulders of their shining arms.  
Then thrusting through his feet the cruel thongs,  
He bound him to his brazen car, and trailed  
His noble head and streaming locks behind.  
  
I heard the wails of woe on Trojan walls,  
Saw aged Priam, in his deep despair,  
Lie groaning on the ground. I heard the shriek,

The piteous cries and moans of Hecuba.  
I saw her cast her shining head-dress by  
And wildly rend her streaming silver hair,  
As she beheld her bravest son, her boast,  
The darling of her heart and lofty Troy,  
Thus dead and dragged in dark defiling dust.

I saw Andromache among her maids,  
And they were weaving work of wondrous art ;  
But, thoughtful of her Hector's swift return,  
Had warmed a bath to soothe his wearied limbs.  
She heard the shriek of aged Hecuba,  
And fearing for her dearest, rushed away,  
Like one distracted, to the tower wall.  
She saw the sight. Then strength forsook her limbs,  
And sense her soul. Upon the earth she sank,  
And from her head the veil and fillet fell,  
Revealing all the glory of the brow  
And marble breast that gallant Hector loved.  
I saw the streaming tears of Trojan dames  
As low they bent about her shapely form.  
I saw her faintly rise and wring her hands,  
While sighs and sobs her swelling bosom shook.  
I heard her low and pitiful lament ;—

Her faithful husband fallen in his youth,  
Defence of her and all the Trojan dames ;  
The insult heaped upon the harmless head  
Of Hector's infant son, that oft had sat  
And richly fed, upon his father's knee ;  
The dying hand her fingers had not clasped ;  
The faltering lips that left no loving word  
To be remembered all her life with tears.

Once more the minstrel waved his magic hand.  
The golden sun sank in the ocean down,  
And darkness slowly fell. The fruitful plain,  
The gods and heroes vanished from my sight.  
But still, across the centuries of years,  
I hear the mystic music of that voice,  
I see the glories of that wondrous scene.

### An Autumn Day.

THE clouds in sombre garments were arrayed,  
And seemed as silent mourners bending low  
To watch the earth's last trace of beauty fade  
Before they robed it in its shroud of snow.

The very winds were hushed, as if for fear  
They might bewail the dying earth ere dead ;  
But gloomy Night seemed ever hov'ring near,  
As if in haste the dark'ning pall to spread.

The autumn glories knew the rider, Death,  
Among them came by night on courser pale ;  
They saw his footprints, found his frozen breath  
At morn, beside the stream and o'er the vale.

With cruel hand he smote the grove-clad hill  
And left the tender leaflets wounded sore ;  
Some clinging to their parents, bleeding still,  
Some fallen, dead and darkened with their gore.

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And Nature's children prized their wealth no more  
When near the dread, unpitying courser drew ;  
The climbing vine exposed its ample store  
Of purple clusters openly to view ;

The orchard with its hands low reaching down,  
Its golden hoardings offered free to all ;  
The forest tree unclasped from treasure brown  
The fingers wide and let it idly fall ;

The richly mantled cedar and the pine  
Alone had skill his onset to withstand,  
And, sheltered at their feet, the nestling vine  
And fairy-broidered fern escaped his hand.

Earth's lovely flower-children all were dead,  
Or drooping low to life they feebly clung,  
Save where some new-born beauty reared its head,  
That Death had thought too fair to die so young.

Though dimmed was earth's bright summer-robe of  
green,  
As to the grove I strayed that autumn day,  
Though deep'ning gloom pervaded all the scene,  
No weight of sadness on *my* bosom lay.

I well remembered how had passed away  
Glad-hearted Spring and gentle Summer fair ;  
I knew that Death would soon beside them lay  
Loved, dreamy Autumn with her golden hair ;

I knew that Winter's swift-advancing feet  
Would soon among earth's prostrate beauties tread  
His chilly hand would soon in winding sheet  
Enwrap alike the dying and the dead ;

I knew earth would be drear with cold and gloom  
When these would all in sleep of death recline,  
Yet in my bosom sadness found no room,  
And on that day a cheerful heart was mine.

A heart that whispered, " Winter passes too,  
Glad-hearted Spring will wake again and rise,  
Fair Summer come with all her charms anew,  
And dreamy Autumn with her hazel eyes ;

Nor on earth's breast her children shall lie dead,  
But Spring shall come and kiss the damp of death  
From each cold brow, and raise the drooping head,  
And fill the lifeless lips with quick'ning breath.

A heart that shall, I trust, through life be mine ;  
That shall, though Spring and Summer sink to rest,  
Though Autumn, too, to Winter shall resign,  
From every trace of sadness keep my breast.

A heart that even when I sink at last  
My sleep upon the breast of earth to take,  
Shall say, "This winter, too, shall soon be past,  
And Spring eternal shall thy slumbers break."



## The Sculptors.

WE all are sculptors in this world of ours,  
There's not a hand but may some image form  
That, when the Master comes to view our task,  
Shall from his lip receive approval warm.

The images are carved from rocks of gray,  
From marble stained with frequent dusky bands;  
They, too, are carved from marble pure and white  
As Paro's breast when bared by Grecian hands.

One from a faultless block of spotless snow  
Will shape a queenly form of perfect mould,  
That breathless seems to wait till Life shall place  
Within its hands her flick'ring lamp to hold.

Another idly leaves the task undone,  
With here and there perchance a finished part  
That shows how beauteous might have been the form  
Completed, had the hand but used its art.

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Some, aimless, chip the precious block away ;  
Or strive to shape some phantom of the brain,  
Forever altering its fleeting form,  
Till only fragments of the block remain.

And some, with block of marble rough and stained,  
Will skilfully avoid the dusky bands ;  
And none would ever know that such had been,  
So fair an image issues from their hands.

And some with but the gray and stubborn rock,  
Will, still undaunted, labor patiently  
Until rewards their persevering toil  
A stately form of perfect symmetry.

And some, because they have but rock of gray,  
Or marble soiled with frequent dusky stain,  
And not a block as pure as winter snow,  
Will fling aside the chisel in disdain.

While *this* one, blust'ring, toiled at some design,  
The world approved and thought its praises just ;  
But, when it came to view the work complete,  
It found some hideous form or naught but dust.

While *that* was patient bending o'er his task,  
The world had scoffed ; but, as again it turned  
When long the artist had been gone, it found  
A grandeur that it ne'er before discerned.

And *here*, one carved perchance a tiny flow'r,  
Whereon the world ne'er deigned to bend its gaze  
But rarest beauty here the Master found,  
And here bestowed His warmest words of praise.

We all are sculptors in this world of ours ;  
There's not a hand but may some image form,  
That, when the Master comes to view our task,  
Shall from His lip receive approval warm.

If, when the Master comes, He find  
The block untouched, the form left incomplete,  
But dust and fragments or some hideous shape,  
Alas, how shall we then that Master meet ?

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## The Seven Ages of Woman.

A BABE, that nestles in its mother's arms  
And prattles e'er of fairy Babyland ;  
A tripping school-girl, bright with budding charms ;  
A maiden queen, that rules with loving hand ;  
A bride, with brow touched half by joy and fear ;  
A mother, 'mid her flock with cheek aglow ;  
A gray-haired dame, that sheds the ready tear  
O'er vanished scenes and friends of long ago ;  
A tott'ring form, that walks through Childhood lands,  
Sees not their beauties, thrills not with their mirth,  
That wearies on the way, and folds the hands  
And nestles in the mother arms of earth.

### The Human Heart.

WHAT sunny hope, what dark despair,  
What happiness, what gnawing care,  
What innocence, what sin,  
That treasure-house,  
That prison-house,  
The human heart,  
May hold within !

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### The Young Mother.

“I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

WHILE Spring the land with lavish hand  
Bedecked with leaf and blossom,  
She near me strayed, and gently laid  
A flow'ret in my bosom ;

But Autumn came, with sword and flame  
The forest leaflet blasting,  
And bud and bloom without a tomb  
On Earth's cold bosom casting.

And oh, *my* flow'r, that happy hour  
To me in love had given,  
His cruel grasp, from clinging clasp  
And bleeding breast, had riven.

The bird that flies to other skies  
When summer days are over,  
Will come when Spring abroad shall fling  
Her flag of fragrant clover ;

The forest tree the blast may see  
Its robe in tatters rending,  
But robe as fair the tree shall wear  
When wintry days are ending ;

But bird may come and tree may bloom,  
As Spring shall bid them ever ;  
Alas, for me, my eye shall see  
My babe returning never.

### The Child's Call.

"MOTHER, in the lowly bed  
Where thy darling they have laid,  
Lone I am, so lone.  
Though the blossoms at my head  
Never are allowed to fade,  
Daily by thy hand renewed,  
Fragrant-scented, brilliant-hued,  
Lone I am, so lone.

"Though around me as I sleep  
Grass is waving cool and deep,  
Lone I am, so lone.  
Night-winds whisper as they pass  
Lulling sounds among the grass,  
But, dear mother, still I long  
For thy soothing cradle song,—  
Lone I am, so lone.

"Though the stars up in the sky  
Shine upon me where I lie,  
Lone I am, so lone.

Here I need thy presence still,  
For my chamber's dark and chill ;  
Come, dear mother, come and keep  
Close beside me while I sleep,  
Lone I am, so lone.

" Dearest mother, here I miss  
Clasping arm and good-night kiss,  
Cold I am, so cold.  
Mother, here I cannot rest,  
Let me nestle in thy breast ;  
Mother, fold about my form  
Loving arms to keep me warm,  
Cold I am, so cold."

Thus the mother heard her child  
Calling 'mid the tempest wild,—  
Calling as she toiled by day,  
Calling when she sleepless lay,—  
And the moon was shining bright  
In the silence of the night ;  
Even when she slept, the same  
Pleading voice in whispers came,  
Ever in that plaintive tone,  
" Mother, I am cold and lone."



So the mother rose at last,  
To the restless sleeper passed,  
Softly down beside her lay,  
Never left her night or day.  
There together now they sleep  
In their narrow chamber deep ;  
There the baby lies at rest,  
Folded to the mother's breast.  
Ever on their lowly bed  
Sweetest blooms their fragrance shed ;  
Stars above them in the sky  
Shine upon them where they lie ;  
Night-winds whisper as they pass  
Lulling sounds among the grass.  
There no more, as calm they sleep,  
Aught shall mar their slumber deep,  
Nevermore the plaintive tone,  
"Mother, I am cold and lone."

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### Early Blighted.

AS OFT we see some op'ning flow'er-gem,  
Though watched and tended, droop and fade away,  
Nor know the reason till the fallen stem  
Reveals the place where the destroyer lay ;  
So we saw every trace of bloom depart,  
We saw her slender frame was wasting fast,  
Nor knew the weight of sorrow at her heart  
That snapped in twain the thread of life at last.

Pallid face so lily white,  
Wavy tresses, amber bright,  
Backward brushed from forehead pale ;  
Lying still with eyelids closed  
As if she in dreamland vale  
After weary toil reposed.  
Lips together closely pressed  
As if she in broken rest  
Fearful was she might impart  
Hidden secret of the heart.

Hands, that on the bosom lie  
As if any rising sigh,  
Any swelling sigh of pain,  
Any sigh of restlessness,  
Any heaving, they would fain  
With their folding clasp suppress.  
Silent does the sleeper rest  
As a leaflet on the breast  
Of some stilly lakelet laid  
Where no breezes dare invade.

Friends with silent movement glide  
To the sleeping maiden's side :  
Some are there whom hand of age  
Hath encrowned with silver hair,  
Some whose brows are but a page  
Written by the pen of care.  
Sad they are o'er one so young  
Death his mantle dark had flung,  
O'er a fair and tender bud  
Bursting into womanhood.

One of those who near her stand  
Lifts the lifeless rigid hand,

And a crimson-tinted rose  
Bursting from its shroud of green,  
With a lily wrapt in snows,  
Lays her breast and hand between.  
One with beauty yet unshown,  
Fitting emblem of her own ;  
One from darker tinting free,  
Emblem of her purity.

These retire, the pall is spread,  
Earth reclaims the early dead ;  
Mourning ones the maiden bear  
To her narrow chamber cold,  
Lay the treasured ashes there,  
Gently place the sacred mould.  
Summer's morning rays serene  
Light the hallowed mound of green,  
And her ev'ning breezes sigh  
Whispered dirges, passing by.

Autumn shuts the summer flow'r  
Blooming at too late an hour ;  
But a veil of golden air  
For the lovely sleeper weaves,

Spreads with fairy fingers there  
Robes of purple-tinted leaves.  
Winter, fearing that his blast  
Might awake her sweeping past,  
For protection, o'er her throws  
Mantles of his drifting snows.

Spring, with touch of fingers light,  
Lays aside the robes of white ;  
Bending o'er the naked mound,  
Smooths again the crumbling mould,  
O'er its bosom, cold and browned,  
Spreads her vernal mantle's fold,  
Scatters wildwood flowerets,  
Tiny vines and violets,  
Decks their buds with gems at even,  
Mirroring the lamps of heaven.

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## The Silent City.

BESIDE the sea a silent city stands :

In child-like glee the waters at its feet

Heap up the pebbles with their busy hands,

And half aloud some well-known song repeat.

Some homes the marble richly carved display,

And some the roughly hewn moss-covered stone,

Some show but wood half-eaten by decay,

And some are roofed with common turf alone.

Near some, the fir with beck'ning hand is seen

To lure to it each straying breath of air,

And flowers lay aside their robes of green

And to the breeze their fragrant breasts unbare.

Near some, the knotty shrub and briar grow

So close their tangled tresses interlace,

And weeds so thick that none would ever know

Here lies concealed a human dwelling-place.

Its homes are silent. Not a whisper breaks

The lasting spell of quietness profound ;

Nor Music e'er the hand of Dancing takes  
To lead her swiftly through the mazy round.  
The prattling of the infant's lisping tongue,  
The maiden's voice as sweet as tinkling rill,  
The strong and manly accents of the young,  
The trembling voices of the old, are still.

They all are homes of rest. From street to street  
No sound of busy toil, no hurried tread ;  
To chase the phantom, Wealth, no restless feet,  
No hands to struggle wildly but for bread.  
No troubled dreams to mar their slumber deep,  
No fevered cheeks, no limbs that toss in pain,  
No weary eyes that close but find no sleep,  
No grief-swept breast, no burning madd'ning brain.

The tott'ring aged, wearied from their day  
Of toil, here come and lay them down to rest ;  
Here come the rosy children from their play,  
And sinks to quiet slumber every breast.  
Here come the gay, the sad, the child of health,  
The sick one racked with more than mortal throes,  
The noble, base, the pampered son of wealth,  
The tattered wretch,—and all find sweet repose.

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Theirs is oblivious rest. The silent bride  
With smiles the coming bridegroom never greets ;  
The child down-nestling at its mother's side  
No clasping arm, nor word of welcome meets.  
They never mark the beauty's flowing tress,  
Her lustrous eye, the bloom upon her cheek ;  
The lips of him that loved her never press  
In fondness hers, nor of her praises speak.  
Here friend by friend will come to seek repose,  
And never recognize the loved one near ;  
Here, side by side, lie down the bitterest foes,  
Forgetful of their former rage and fear.  
All, wearied in their search, in endless train,  
From lisping babe to sire with hoary head,  
Come here to seek for rest, nor seek in vain,—  
This is a silent City of the Dead.



### A Dream at Eventide.

Now lonely at coming of ev'ning I stray  
To grove, and on flowers reclining,  
I watch the sun's golden-illumining ray  
On argent-bright vapor clouds shining.

They seem, as they float in the opaline air,  
Like islands in purple seas lying,  
Bright Isles of the Blest, all radiant and fair,  
With beauty and verdure ne'er dying.

The purple hue on the horizon now fades,  
The tints from cloud-islands effacing ;  
And all the dusk air of the even invades,  
The earth in soft lustre embracing.

Then noiselessly through the blue regions on high  
Invisible angel ones glancing,  
Rekindle the scintillant lamps of the sky,  
Resplendent with glory entrancing.

Their tremulous rays of innocuous light  
They cast in an earthly direction,  
And find in the crystalline dews of the night  
A brilliant and changing reflection.

And with the cool breezes that blow through these  
bow'rs  
Of beauty and fragrance, is blending  
The odorous incense of radiant flow'rs  
From numberless censers ascending.

Before me in shrouded and shadow-forms, fast  
The friends of my lifetime are thronging ;  
Some loved ones recalled from the far-distant past,  
And some to the present belonging.

Apart from the other loved ones, there appears  
In columned and flower-twined portal,  
An angel-like form of the ne'er-forgot years,  
Enrobed in a beauty immortal.

Her brow, finely moulded, vines waving reveal,  
Encrowned by her dark-flowing tresses,  
And buds lily-white strive its beauty to steal  
By gentle incessant caresses.

The roses, forgetting their own lovely hue,  
Extending from pendulous cluster,  
Endeavor by touching her cheek to imbue  
Their leaves with its delicate lustre.

But when to my bosom her form I enclasp,  
Her features grow white as the lily,  
And lifeless and cold turns the hand that I grasp,  
Her fingers grow rigid and chilly ;

The form is enwrapt in a shadowy shroud,  
The hands on the bosom are folded,  
And formless and indistinct vapors encloud  
The features that Beauty had moulded.

I start from my rest on the flowerets fair,  
With night-dews of crystal now laden,  
But fancy I see in the shade-mingled air  
The eyes of the vanishing maiden.

My grief-burdened heart is warmed with delight  
By feeling that she in a vision  
Thus often returns from her dwelling-place bright  
In e'er-blooming valleys elysian.

### In Palliation.

WHEN ev'ning's filmy curtain slow descends,  
And Silence comes his lonely watch to keep ;  
When queenly Night, star-jewelled, lowly bends  
To guard the earth enwrapped in dewy sleep ;

While for a time my eyes forget to close,  
And gaze entranced upon these beauties rare,  
A figure suddenly its presence shows,  
And lends a charm to every beauty there.

When Slumber slowly drops his opiate veils,  
*She* seems to close my eyes with ling'ring hand,  
E'en when I stray in Dreamland's misty dales,  
Near every grove or fount I see *her* stand.

But chide me not because this form appears  
To leave an impress more endeared than all  
That cluster round my heart from other years,  
That mem'ry never wearies to recall ;

For has not Beauty lent her charms divine—  
And lacks she any needed art to please?  
Is not her motion as of pendent vine  
That dallies with the wanton ev'ning breeze?

Is not her brow in purer light arrayed  
Than that which bathes the brow of marble saint,  
When morning beams have through the chancel  
strayed  
With sunny hand the columned aisles to paint?

And has not Fancy whispered that her eyes  
The pureness of the light within bespeak;  
That autumn leaves have lent their varied dyes  
To tint the color on her lip and cheek?

And if that friend seemed so enchanting then  
That still her form seems ever near to mine;  
If mem'ry loves to bring that form again,  
Pray do not chide *me*, for the form is—thine.

## The Star.

WHILE walking in half-lighted shadow  
That wrapped me in days long ago,  
There shone on my path for a moment  
A star of a wonderful glow—  
A glow that was strangely entrancing,  
A glow so peculiarly bright  
My soul seemed to start in my bosom  
To bask in the crystalline light ;  
A star that, though plainly of heaven,  
Seemed nearer and nearer to shine—  
So near that it seemed I might clasp it  
And claim it forever as mine.

It shone but a moment and vanished ;  
I watched with unwearying eyes  
Till over my path, full of splendor,  
That star once again should arise.  
It came in its lustre unfaded ;  
I followed wherever it led ;  
The mystical valleys of Dreamland  
I trod by the light that it shed.

Put sudden a cloud rose, obscuring  
And hiding its soul-cheering light,  
And left me unguided, bewildered,  
In deep cypress shadows of night.  
The cloud raised its towers of darkness,  
And higher its ramparts upreared ;  
Methought that behind it forever  
In gloom had my star disappeared.  
I thought it had left me to wander  
The valley deep-shadowed and lone,  
With naught but the dim light of mem'ry  
To guide through the windings unknown.

The clouds passed away, and I noticed  
A tremulous beaming afar ;  
My bosom half trustingly whispered,  
"Perchance 'tis a ray from thy star."  
I gazed, half believing the whisper,  
Till fled all my doubtings away ;  
For nearer the star seemed approaching,  
And clearer and brighter its ray.  
It seemed with such love-breathing radiance  
So near and so warmly to shine,  
It waked my sad soul from its slumber,  
And warmed this cold bosom of mine.

Oh ! say what mysterious power,  
What spell o'er my soul has this star ?  
What links with invisible fetters  
My soul to that being afar ?  
When darkened, my breast is a prison  
In which my soul wretchedly pines ;  
My soul finds that bosom a palace  
When brightly and warmly it shines.  
I know, when upon me no longer  
That love-breathing look shall descend,  
This dream we call Life shall be over,  
My day upon earth be at end.



## Encouragement.

SKIES had doffed the gold of morning  
And their sable garments worn,  
Burdens light had chafed my shoulders,  
Little thorns my feet had torn.

Wearied, down beside the pathway  
Fretfully myself I flung,  
'Thinking life's way rough and toilsome,  
E'er with darkness overhung.

Suddenly came Mem'ry, tripping  
As a bright-lipped, fair-browed maid ;  
Smiling, down she knelt beside me  
And in mine her hand she laid.

" Is the sky *e'er* dark ? " she whispered,  
" *All* the way so rough and drear ?  
Come and backward let us ramble,  
Leave awhile your burdens here."

Hand in hand we rambled backward  
Till we reached a deep ravine ;  
On its sides the trees were standing  
In their gayest robes of green.

Through its depths a stream came tripping  
Swift along its winding banks,  
Leaping over rocks and dancing  
Laughing at its idle pranks.

O'er it trees their hands extended,  
From the sun its breast to screen,  
But the sun their wide-spread fingers  
Shot his golden shafts between.

Mem'ry whispered to me, "Surely,  
Surely here your feet have strayed ;  
*Here* you stood and watched the streamlet  
As among the rocks it played ;

" *Here* you climbed the rugged pathway  
Leading to the ruined mill ;  
*Here* you bent and saw the mighty  
Wheel with giant arms, was still ;

" *Here* between two rugged boulders  
Hastily a seat you made,  
Where you sat and gazed enraptured  
On the silver-tongued cascade.

" Surely now you cannot tell me  
*All* the way is rough and drear,  
*E'er* the sky is wrapped in darkness—  
Were they so when you were here ?"

And then smiling Mem'ry, turning,  
Whispered as a zephyr low,  
Lest the list'ning trees around us  
Might from her the secret know.

" It is she who wandered with you  
On that eve to this ravine ;  
She whose eyes with yours so fondly  
Rested on the treasured scene ;

" She who with you watched the streamlet,  
With you at the ruin bent,  
With you sat upon the boulders,  
That to all the charm has lent."

Then we slow retraced our footsteps,  
But the sun in beauty shone ;  
All the way seemed smooth before me,  
And I found my burdens gone.

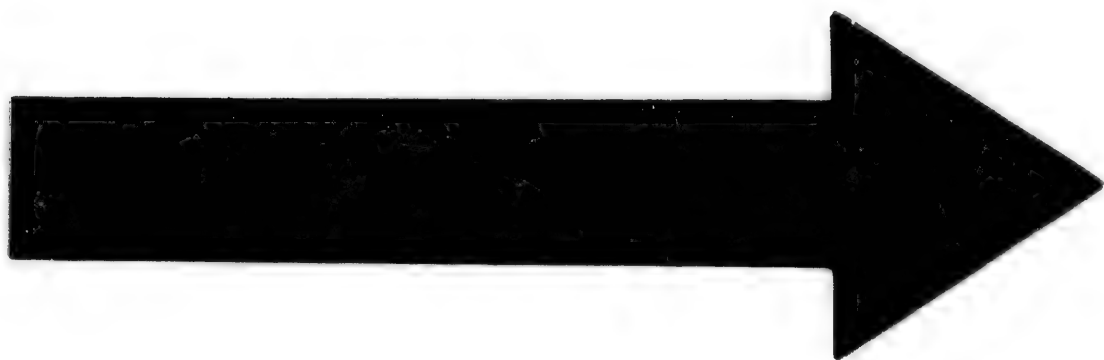
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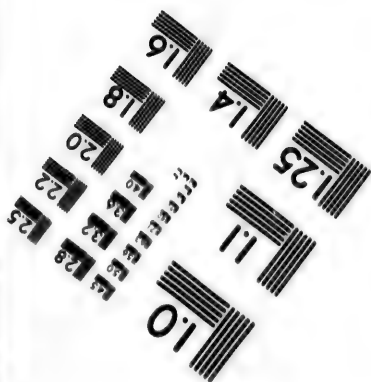
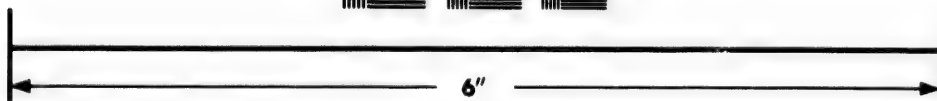
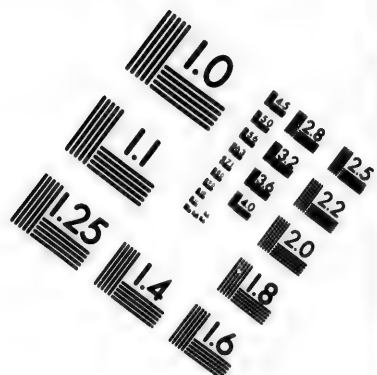
**On Receiving a Long-Promised Box  
of flowers.**

THIS box of newly bursting blooms  
For long delay will make amends,  
Their fragrance sweet that all perfumes  
Is like the heart of her that sends.

These verdant vines, that tendrils fling  
And clasp the tinted blooms around,  
Are like her heart, that close will cling  
Where aught that's pure and fair is found.

And every tint that lightly warms  
Or flushes golden cup with flame,  
Is emblem of a heart that charms  
And sheds a brightness just the same.





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### Question and Answer.

You ask if I, when youth has turned to age,  
Can love you still though youthful bloom be gone ;  
If I, when morn is past and ev'ning near,  
Can love the dark'ning ev'ning as the dawn ;

If I shall ruthless spurn the drooping stem  
When buds of spring and summer flowers rare  
And autumn's golden fruits have been and gone,  
And winter finds it beauty-robbed and bare.

The sailor may his new-built vessel prize  
When first she launches on the waters blue,  
Unfurls her spotless canvas to the breeze,  
And cleaves a foamy path the billows through ;

But he will prize that gallant vessel more,  
Although her sails be rent and weather-stained,  
When she has proudly braved the tempest's rage  
And safely has the destined harbor gained.

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I shall not ruthless spurn the drooping stem  
 If op'ning bud shall bring the promised flow'r,  
 If opened flow'r to promised fruit shall turn,  
 Though naked found in winter's chilly hour.

But if those buds remain forever closed ;  
 If fruit and flower never spring from them,  
 But jagged thorns and withered leaves instead,  
 Who would not spurn the naked, worthless stem ?

If ev'ning have the morning's balmy airs,  
 Though golden tints may not the skies adorn,  
 If stinging blasts do not my bosom pierce,  
 I then shall love the ev'ning as the morn.

I'll love you still though lustrous eye may dim,  
 Though cheek may pale and burning lip grow cold,  
 If trusting heart remain—for who would scorn  
 A gem because the casket had grown old ?

Your outward graces are not what I prize,  
 But yet I do not deem them valueless,  
 For does not Nature teach us lovely forms  
 Are far more lovely in becoming dress ?

Cheek beauty fades ; heart beauty never can.

Heart beauty has its mirror in the face ;  
And so we ever fondly hope to find  
The inner when we have the outer grace.

But if, when age shall blanch your cheek and lip,  
And steal the youthful lustre from your eyes,  
There shall be found no warm and loving heart,  
What *will* remain that I *can* love or prize ?

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### In the Sunny Land of Youth.

IN the sunny land of Youth

Gather gems thy form to grace  
While their path through Womanhood

Thy advancing feet must trace—  
Purity, thy brow to light ;

Modesty, to grace thy neck ;  
Truth, to sparkle on thy breast ;

Charity, thy hand to deck.  
Cheek may pale and eye grow dim,

Burning lip of youth grow cold,  
But these gems will keep thee fair  
Though by years thou mayst be old.

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### A Fragile Vase is in Your Hand.

A FRAGILE vase is in your hand,  
Weeds on your path with flowers grow,  
And you must gather as you pass  
To fill this spotless vase of snow.

Then pluck not vile offensive weeds,  
But choose the fragrant buds and rare ;  
No faded flow'r or lurking weed  
Should mar the clusters gathered there.

For they're to deck the home of One  
That waits the coming of your feet,  
And will, if all be fresh and fair,  
With loving smile your coming greet.

### **Oft When Weary are Our Feet.**

OFT when weary are our feet  
Flowers by the way appear,  
Buds and bloom with perfume sweet  
Laden, weary hearts to cheer.

Friends have I on life's way met,  
Sent like these to cheer the heart—  
Flowers by the wayside set—  
Mary, such a one thou art.

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### **True Friendship is a Golden Chain.**

TRUE friendship is a golden chain  
That links the faithful hearted,  
And life is only sweet when yet  
The linklets have not parted.

We leave the world with scarce a sigh,  
And ne'er a murmur spoken,  
When every link is snapped in twain,  
Or all the dearest broken.

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## May Life for Thee be One Continual Song.

MAY life for thee be one continual song  
That in the morning shall recall thy feet  
From Dreamland's never-ending paths, where throng  
The loved and ne'er-forgot thy steps to meet.  
A cheery song, that in the noontide's glare  
Shall free thy breast from every throb of pain,  
Hush in thy breast, at eve, the voice of care,  
And all the night breathe out its sweet refrain—  
A song with *constant* strains that, soft'ning, tell  
If e'er the kindly ray has been withdrawn ;  
Not such as fitfully exulting swell  
From organ lips a moment, and are gone.

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May all thy life be as a limpid stream—  
Now in the meadow's richest sunlight dressed ;  
Now gliding 'neath the boughs where noontide's beam  
Yet scatters golden network o'er its breast.  
A stream that will, if nearing chilly glen,  
But hush its song where ebon Shadow spreads

His gloomy wing, then gaily sing again  
When all is sunshine o'er its pebbly beds.  
A stream which ripples calmly to the sea,  
And, ent'ring, still keeps an unruffled breast,  
Then onward glides, from every tossing free,  
To golden sands and isles of perfect rest.

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*A Wish.*

MAY fairy hands for thee thy path prepare  
Where all life's darker shadows never rest,  
Clear streams repeat a sweetly murmured air  
To rocking buds yet cradled on their breast,  
June's blossomed roses breathe their lives away  
To airs that wanton with their tiny lips,  
The morning ne'er withdraw its cheery ray  
Or fairest scene enshroud in dark eclipse.  
Delight unfading may the present bring,  
An amaranthine lustre robe the past,  
The future yield the promised joys of spring,  
And calm eternal rest be thine at last.

## Friendship.

HEART linked to heart by friendship's chain,  
Both every shock receiving,  
No piercing shaft the one can pain  
Without the other grieving.

The joy that lightens one will fill  
The other too with gladness ;  
So linked that both with joy must thrill,  
Or both must bleed in sadness.

A chain that use wears not away,  
But more enduring makes it ;  
A chain so strong that none can say  
That even death quite breaks it.

And yet, the linklets of this chain  
A hasty word may sever ;  
And they, if parted once, again  
Are rarely joined, if ever.

**Each Flower to Heaven Upturns  
its Eye.**

EACH flow'r to heaven upturns its eye  
And constant gazing stands ;  
The tiny vines that lowly lie  
Yet heav'nward lift their hands.

Their fragrant souls in death arise  
And float to heaven too ;  
O can they know of fairer skies  
Beyond the dome of blue ?

And are they dumbly pointing man  
The way to realms of bliss,  
And showing where pure spirits can  
Find fairer worlds than this ?



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**No Tasks Thy God hath Given Thee.**

No tasks thy God hath given thee  
Can I to thee unfold ;  
And did I know, perchance 'twere best  
To leave them still untold.  
For, knowing what those tasks would be,  
Thy hands might listless fall,  
And thou the moments fret away  
And leave unfinished all.  
But thinking each to be the last  
Thou'lt finish one by one,  
And calmly fold thy hands to rest  
And know thy work is done.

## The Poet's Office.

Tossing jewels in the sunlight  
Till they glow and gleam ;  
Till they show the hues of glory  
Caught in limpid depths of ocean,  
Sunlit brook or frozen stream ;  
Till the green and golden flamings  
Caught from earth-hid smouldering masses  
Where the hand of nature formed them,  
Blaze again with flash and beam.

Holding flowers till their odors  
As from swinging censer rise,  
Odors borne by sea-born breezes  
Wand'ring over starlit meadows,  
Where the flower sleeping lies :  
Till they show the varied colors  
Left by tinted trailing vestments  
Of the swiftly fleeting rainbow,  
Or the flaming ev'ning skies.

Hushing all the world to listen  
    To the rich and varied tones,  
When the boughs bend low to whisper  
Love to streams that sweetly answer,  
    Murm'ring 'mid their mossy stones ;  
When the meadows and the woodlands  
Ring with the minstrels of the morning ;  
When the organ voice of Ocean  
    Swells, or sinks in plaintive moans.

Holding Truth till all her glory  
    To the human eye is clear ;  
Till before her light of splendor  
All the varied forms of error,  
    Doubt and darkness disappear ;  
Till the wrongs of men are righted,  
Till all human hearts are moulded  
To the image of their Maker,  
    Bringing earth to heaven near.

## A Child Asleep in the Gardens.

### THE SCENE.

THE hush of eve lies on the land,  
A summer ev'ning when no breeze  
Dare lightly lift its fairy hand  
To touch in love the slumb'ring trees ;  
But silent floods of silver fall,  
Outlining deftly leaf and spray,  
Till mossy mound and turf and all,  
The richest arabesque display.  
Each flow'ret finds its image there,  
And breathless and bewildered stands,  
Entrancèd like a maiden fair,  
With bowèd head and claspèd hands.  
The urns upon the level lawn,  
Or where the branches lowly sweep,  
Their robes of trailing vines have drawn  
About their shapely forms and sleep.  
In snowy robes of slumber bow  
The graceful marble forms, or raise

The glowing pure unshrinking brow  
    With breast unbared to Heaven's gaze.  
The fountain, too, repose has found ;  
    The nymphs that sported all the day  
With curving jets the basin round,  
    Have sunk in slumber where they lay ;  
Or, gaze at forms of graceful mould  
    That in the limpid waters lie,  
Or, far below, where gems and gold  
    Have sunk in falling from the sky.

THE DISCOVERY.

But one in clinging robes of white,  
    Apart upon a mossy mound,  
Has toyed with fragrant blooms and bright  
    Till fast in slumber-fetters bound.  
The lily sleeps upon her brow,  
    The rose is slumb'ring on her cheek,  
And wine is on her lips that now  
    Seem parting slightly as to speak.  
The richness of each flowing tress  
    Is half by twining circlet hid ;  
And, clothed in darkness, closely press  
    The fringes of each folded lid.

Moss-pillowed cheek, snow-moulded arms  
That bending blooms caress and kiss,  
Mere marble never had such charms,  
Nor chisel shaped a form like this.

## THE RECOGNITION.

My Mary, thou hast slumbered long,  
With dews thy loosened locks are wet ;  
The last lone bird has hushed its song,  
And, loved one, thou art slumb'ring yet.  
Awake, for one by one the stars  
On tiptoe from their homes in air,  
Have stolen out to heaven's bars,  
And downward gaze in wonder there.  
Awake, for daylight long is gone,  
Thy bank of fragrant blooms forsake ;  
The midnight swift is stealing on,  
Awake, my love—my love, awake.

### Thoughtlessness.

A ROSEBUD in a sunbeam's arms  
In sweet repose was sleeping,  
Its tiny face with cheek of pink  
From hood of green was peeping.

The sunbeam gazed upon the rose,  
And fondly he caressed it,  
But bruised its tender lip, as he  
With kiss too ardent pressed it.

And though he softly bathed the wound,  
Though Night, with tears, him aided,  
In life, and e'en in death, the scar  
Still never, never faded.

Thus, thoughtless, we may bruise a heart,  
And earnestly endeavor  
To heal the wound, but, as the rose,  
It wears the scar forever.

## A View of Death.

WITHIN a vale of darksome depths, where rolled  
A maze of cloudy vapor, foul and dank,  
I met a shadow pale. Beneath the cold  
And steely terror of his gaze I shrank ;  
A winter chilled the chamber of my heart ;  
I trembled at his cruel, threatening brow,  
And fleshless fingers poisoning jagged dart ;  
I cried with hollow voice, "O, what art Thou?"

"Men call me Death," the pallid spectre said,  
"And all their fear and horror may devise ;  
At my approach they shudder in their dread,  
And yet am I a friend, though in disguise.  
I take the aged when the eye is dim  
To all the charms of earth, when dull the ear  
To all its wondrous music, when the limb  
No more the shaking form may bear, when dear  
And tender friends of youth have wandered now  
Adown the vale of years beyond recall ;  
I close awhile the eye, the wrinkled brow  
I smooth to restful peace, and bear them all

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To waken tearless in the Happy Isles,  
Where skies are cloudless blue, where ceaseless flow  
The fountains of immortal youth, and smiles  
Of greeting come from friends of Long Ago.

"Steel-sinewed men, hard toiling at their task  
From dawn to dark, till shoulders bend and bow  
As though with weight of years, and wrinkles mask  
With stolid lines the youthful lip and brow,—  
Who see no dawning through the darkness loom,  
Nor ever star a transient gleaming throw  
Upon the desert, black, devoid of bloom,  
Where Youth is endless toil, and Age is woe—  
These oft I bear away on sudden wing,  
And, in a moment, ope their weary eyes  
On lands of rest and blossom sweets, that bring  
The glow and gladness of a first surprise.

"The happy maiden, flushed with joy and health,  
While loving friends unnumbered round her throng,  
Whose path is strewn with all the gifts of Wealth  
And brightened with the strains of morning song,  
I still to sleep with perfumed opiate,  
Afar convey, on noiseless pinion swift,  
Where at the parted agate portal wait  
The daughters of the angels. As they lift

The veils of slumber from her dreaming face,  
They kiss her lip and cheek to wonted glow,  
Unloose her braided hair, then interlace  
Her form with twining arms, and straying go  
In converse low, across the happy fields,  
By drooping waters, opal-palaced streams,  
And pathways of a paradise that yields  
A joy beyond the fairest of our dreams.

“The pure unblemished blossom, angel-borne  
From gardens of our God,—before the fire  
Of noon has blighted, or the blast has torn,  
Or heedless feet have crushed it in the mire  
Till tender head may nevermore uplift,  
Nor slender stem, nor waxen petals fair,  
But blacken into shapeless dust and drift,—  
I raise and back to Heaven’s garden bear.  
The babe, whose lips but lisp the early word,  
Upon the gateway verge of garnet stands  
With fair white feet,—the curls of amber stirred  
By nectared winds,—the little beck’ning hands  
Outstretched,—the eyes expectant peering through  
A depth of blue less clear than is their own.  
It sends a voice—the earthly voice, yet, too,  
Enriched and sweetened to a seraph tone—

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Far past the shining flight of floating spheres,

In ever fainting echoes ringing on,

Until, at last, the list'ning mother hears

The pleading call as in the days ago,

And lifts her eyes, long drooped and drowned with  
tears,

In glad surprise, and comes with willing feet

Her child among the garden walks to meet,

And share the gladness of the endless years."

I raised my eyes. The valley depths were bright

With all the glory of a springing dawn ;

I saw a shining Angel of the Light

Whose hand had just the veil of Heaven drawn.

### To a Canadian Brunette.

O GLOSSY locks that Night with dusky hand  
Hath swept in waves and lit with lurking light,  
Profusely clustered round a forehead bright  
With beams of beauty brought from Morning Land !  
O lips that breathe of scented blossoms fanned  
By low-voiced breezes loitering in their flight !  
O eyes of darksome depths of lustrous Night  
That dream of waves that lap Italian strand !

The softened glow that slumbers in thine eyes,  
The veil of light about thy forehead thrown,  
A sunny climate only can impart.  
This clime of warm and unbecclouded skies,  
Where all thy charms have to perfection grown,  
Is but the sunshine of thy loving heart.

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## The Death and Memory of the Just.

WHEN silent hushes come, and dying Day  
His hand extends a gleam with heaven's gold,  
To bless his waiting children of the wold,  
He leaves a radiance where his fingers lay ;  
When Autumn, too, arising, soars away  
With fiery steeds and chariot flame-enrolled,  
He downward flings his mantle's gleaming fold  
And wraps the watching woods in bright array.

So on the features of departing saint  
A softened gleam of glory often grows  
That seems a radiance streaming far and faint  
From Heaven's gate beginning to uncloze ;  
In death, the glory hushes all complaint,  
And radiant are the golden afterglows.

### Our City Cousin.

SHE leaves the city dust and heat  
To walk among our meadows sweet,  
'Neath Gothic arch of elms to stray  
And couch amid the waving grass,  
To watch the lights and shadows play  
On dimpled waters as they pass,  
That, hastening over pebbled ways,  
In gurgling tones of gladness praise  
The circling grove of cedars cool  
That shade their home, the glassy pool.

The morning clouds of changeful hue  
Were isles afloat in seas of blue ;  
She saw afar, in sunset sky,  
Enwapt in soft and fleecy fold,  
The angel children dreaming lie  
On purple pillow fringed with gold ;  
She saw the noontide shadows deep  
Like ghosts across the meadow sweep,  
And shining chargers swift pursue  
O'er hill and dale, till lost to view.

For her, the winds in billows rolled  
Our ripened wheat as molten gold,  
Or lightly touched the crested oats  
That lay like level seas between,  
Orswayed each tasseled staff that floats,  
On isles of maize, the streamers green ;  
Our groves were homes for prayer and thought,  
Whose very hush and silence wrought  
A tone of sweetness never heard  
In fluted strain or spoken word.

The minstrels of the dawn would meet  
To break with song her slumber sweet ;  
The horses listen for her tread,  
And curve the glossy neck, and stand  
With pointed ear and nostril spread  
To win caress of silken hand ;  
The lowing kine assembled all  
When summoned by her ringing call,  
And gazed with dark and dreamy eyes  
Where love was mingled with surprise.

The fruits and blossoms on the farm  
Had each for her a novel charm :

The berry dwelt in hamlet green,  
With streets that wound in tangled maze,  
Where faces rose from leafy screen  
In clustered groups to peer and gaze ;  
The sumach torches held aglow,  
The cherry, bending branches low,  
Extended tinted finger-tips  
To dye in deeper red the lips.

The vine a leafy hammock hung,  
By airy finger lightly swung ;  
To catch her gown the roses leant—  
Their clinging hands her step delayed,  
But while the head in blushes bent,  
The honeyed lip excuses made ;  
A fairy music seemed to dwell  
In Morning Glory's swinging bell,  
And snowy lilies of the shade  
In tiny tones a tinkling made.

Yet amply, too, the city maid  
The country cheer to us repaid ;  
Her motions had the airy grace  
And fleetness of the woodland fawn ;



A light seemed breaking o'er her face  
That promised ever brighter dawn ;  
The touches of her dainty hand  
Had magic of a wizard's wand,  
For, where her busy fingers wrought,  
They all to ordered beauty brought.

To ornament our barren rooms  
Her pencil imaged clustered blooms ;  
Or dreamy, shadow-haunted nooks  
Where dusky twilight ever dwells ;  
Or grassy banks and winding brooks  
Where herds had hushed their clanging bells.  
Her dainty fingers garments shaped  
In simple, artful beauty draped,  
Where needle traced the graceful line  
Of tinted leaf and trailing vine.

When softly glowed the twilight star  
She told us tales of lands afar ;  
Or sang us songs that hushed the heart  
To all the calm of eventide,  
In low, rich tones, till tears would start,  
That smiling lip could hardly hide ;

And, when the keys her fingers swept,  
Such rapture o'er the senses crept,  
That in our dreams the tones we heard  
Of tinkling rill and piping bird.

Or oft some ballad would she read  
That prompted breast to noble deed ;  
Or lyric lay of sweet content  
That made some lowly heart divine ;  
Yet to the thought her reading lent  
An added charm for every line ;  
For when she read and when she sung,  
A richness dwelt upon her tongue,  
That every bosom thrilled and stirred  
To rapture at the poet's word.

She sat where orchard gold and shade  
Upon her loosened tresses played—  
The tree took from its yellow hoard  
An apple, which the fragrant sap  
With treasures of a year had stored,  
And flung it lightly in her lap—  
Then I, who loved her dearly too,  
My offering of devotion threw,

A heart with true affection rife,  
The gathered treasures of my life.

And thus the cheery city maid  
Has in our country cottage stayed ;  
For here beside me now she stands,  
My bride of twenty years ago :  
There still is magic in her hands,  
As I and all the neighbors know ;  
Their touch is balm for every pain  
Of saddened heart or fevered brain,  
They still can deftly touch the string,  
Or home to ordered beauty bring.

The sounds and sights upon the farm  
For her have never lost their charm :  
For mystic notes pervade the air  
And o'er the quiet spirit steal ;  
And forms of beauty everywhere  
Their ever-changing shades reveal ;  
The herds at pasture, each and all  
Will come in answer to her call,  
And fondly still around her press  
To share her silken hand's caress.

And all the neighbors feel as well  
Her presence casts a fairy spell :  
Like hers, have grown their dwellings bright ;  
Serenity shines the morning sun ;  
And Duty finds the burden light  
When Beauty's feet before her run ;  
A purer ray the breast inflames  
With sweeter joys and higher aims ;  
Their fruitful lands a charm disclose  
And bud and blossom as the rose.

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